

V E R R E S ³

A N D H I S

SCRIBBLERS;

A

S A T I R E

I N T H R E E

C A N T O S.

To which is added an EXAMEN
of the Piece, and a KEY to the
Characters and obscure Passages.

*Ma' mutire nefas, nec clam, nec cum scrobe,
misquam?*

_____ *Perf. Sat. prim.*

L O N D O N :

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PREFACE.

AN Author generally excuses himself in his Preface, from the Vanity of his Attempt, with a sort of a Nolo Episcopari; and then finds some awkward Excuse for undertaking what he acknowledges himself to be absolutely unfit for. He lays his Hand on the Chair, declares his utter Incapacity, and then sits down, and begins his Office. After this he begs pardon for the Faults he is going to expose, gives Reasons why he committed them; and yet endeavours to obviate some Objections which he imagines can possibly be made against any part of what he has written.

To comply with Custom, I Prologize, as well as my Brethren. First, Tho I am in Opinion that I have many Faults, Faults enough to treat the most ingenious Critick; yet I think likewise, that I have some Qualities undoubtedly proper for this sort of Writing, that is, a little Wit, and a large Quantity of Gall: and therefore I could not deny myself the pleasure of exposing the Faults of other People: as crooked Folks, they say, are generally ill-natured. This raised me from the Depths of Old-
A
street,

street, where I have lived in peaceful Obscurity and Silence for half an Age. I have drank my Pint of Purl every Day, Sundays only excepted, for thirty Years past, about seven in the Morning, at the Crown in Redcross-street; after which I have retired with my Neighbours to my proper Occupation. And during all this time we generally minded our own Business; excepting only that we dipped a little now and then into the Frailties of our Neighbours. But about two Years and a half ago, certain Persons took it into their Heads, or they were officiously employed, to drop every Morning printed Papers into the House we frequent, which bore the Titles of News Papers; this employ'd our whole Curiosity and Attention, for we love to hear how the World goes as well as other People; tho till this time we were content to take our Intelligence, Foreign and Domestick, from one another by oral Tradition, as we cou'd get it. But what surprized us, and the Landlord of the House likewise very much, was, that these Papers were left on the Table without being call'd for, and without any Demand for them in Money; as they sometimes order Warrants at the Treasury without Fee or Reward: But when we came to take in to our Hands, and to look upon these News Writers in outward Appearance; we were very much surprized to see they turned instantly into Politicians. The Daily Courant, which I myself remember well near thirty Years ago to have been full of authentick useful Accounts of foreign Affairs, now spent almost his daily three

Co-

P R E F A C E.

v

Columns and a half in praise of a certain Great SOMEBODY, whom we cou'd not presently find out: two afterwards we discover'd whom he meant.—In like manner the Flying-Post, Daily Journal, Evening Posts, &c. continually cry'd aloud, that ONE CERTAIN GENTLEMAN was a worthy, virtuous, honest, eloquent, able and ingenious Man.—After these came bopping in a sort of a Merry Andrew, jingling his Bells, and shaking his Ears, and talking much Gibberish on the same Subject: this sad merry Fellow call'd himself the Hippo Doctor. One Mr. Orator Walsingham, and one Mr. Osborne brought up the Rear.—We likewise found out very soon by our Studies, that these were polemical Writers, who controverted the Truth of certain Facts set forth by one Caleb Danvers, a Craftsman and an Esq; and one Mr. Fog, who had both of them sometimes let drop Expressions, as if the Patron of these News Writers was no better than he shou'd be.— I know well Mr. Bolster has insinuated often, he is indeed deeper in these things than any of us; he has often hinted as if this Caleb Danvers, who is as cunning an old Fox of a Lawyer as ever found a Flaw in Parchment, had himself raised himself and all these Opponents; and that they were his Creatures in the Disguise of his Enemies. He endeavour'd to prove it from the Weakness of their Arguments, the Tinsel of their Eloquence, and the Coarseness of those Market Metaphors so much in use among them; and which no body wou'd have put into their Mouths who did not design to expose them.

But Tom Crimp, who sometimes goes to Court, assured us, that it appeared to him, from the rotundity of their Bodys, the freshness of their Complexions, and the sleekness of their Skins, that their Keeper was a powerful and a wealthy Man, and that he had remember'd several of them to be very lean, and unfit to write, or to be seen till this Controversy opened.

But all this is little to the Purpose of this Poem, otherwise than to explain a little the Occasion of my attempting to write it; and to give a Reason for my engaging in a Profession so distant from my Occupation, I must not say my Education; for I was bred till I was sixteen at Grantham Free-School, where I took so early a Tincture and Relish for Letters, that it has never left me; notwithstanding the almost continual Avocations of my ordinary Business. These political Altercations, as I think they are called in the publick Papers, made me think it might be proper, and perhaps useful, to expose satyrically the Vices and Follies of a certain Country Attorney, a Person, who tho in no publick Character, had by himself and his Agents done a great deal of Mischief, in a County where my Relations and Friends live, and who have been very much injured by him. When I had finished my Verses, I shew'd them to my Neighbours, who liked as much of them as they understood. And I am afraid, to deal candidly, that what they did not understand were very faulty. For ——— But I forget myself. I shall write a Book instead of a Preface. ———

face.— Let me then try only to obviate, or rather to soften some Objections which I fear may be made to the goodness of my Verses, by several envious Criticks. First then I hope for Pardon, the common plea of Criminals, as not having been an old Offender; and I declare likewise that I write in a Chamber two pair of Stairs backwards in Redcross-street, at the bottom of Oldstreet, as I have already hinted. I hope therefore, no one after this Declaration of mine will be so unkind to affirm that I write in a Garret in Grubstreet. I humbly desire likewise, in this delicate and tender Age, that where I am not clear my self, or where I have not fully explained my self, and my own meaning, which I purpose to do in the fullest and most open manner I am able in my Key to this Poem, that no one will have so little Humanity to mean for me, or to explain me into their own Sense, into Nonsense, or criminal Detraction. I beg leave likewise to tell the Publick, that I have sometimes put the initial Letters of imaginary Persons or Things, purely to amuse my Readers, who may some of them delight, as many intelligent Beings do, in making Discoverys themselves. I do likewise hereby advertise all who shall do me the Favour to answer me, that they are at full Liberty to use what Metaphors, Epithets, hard Words, Scurrilities, Billingsgate, Bombast, Fiction, of whatever Sort, in all Kinds, and in any Language they please. One only Favour I have to beg is, that they will not Tu quoque me. I dare say

my Reader will wonder what I mean by this Expression; I must inform him then, that this Tu quoque Art is a modern Invention, and very much in Practice; and it is this.— When an Author publishes any thing with Success, whether it be severe, polite, humorous, witty, &c. His ingenious Opponents turn his own Cannon upon him, and by a sort of juggling Legerdemain, by changing the Names, they say of him, in his own very words, what he said of them, without any Alteration, or the least regard to the Justice or Propriety of the Thing. At this rate what Writer can be safe? and the better he writes the worse it will be with him, when his own words recoil upon him thus. It frequently happens indeed that these Arrows do not fit the Enemy's Quiver:— It is as if Dick Digit should take it into his Head to be like me, by wearing my Apparel.— I am near six Foot high, a tall, pale, thin, upright old Man, in my grand Climacterick: And Digit is an obese, round Personage, of about five Foot six Inches; and 35 Years of Age.— But I am egotising, I run wide I see. We young Writers have much ado to check our Career; for I am a young Writer, tho I am an old Man. I am in my Humour neither unpleasant, nor a Buffoon, neither too Stale nor too Mild; same call me from my unusual Length, John Prolix, and others ironically, Jack the Minor. But Digit who breakfasts with me every Morning, has a standing personal Joke upon me; he loves, he says, a little Dwarf-Elder with his Purl.—

I am at it again — but I will conclude, after I have told you my Reader, that I was seriously advis'd to let this Piece, steal into the World as if it had been surreptitiously printed, and from a faulty Copy. — And then to have had an Edition forced from me by the importunity of my Friends, whose Commands I could not resist. But my Bookseller assured me that this was now grown a stale Trick, and he had suffer'd by it; it happening too frequently, that after the first Edition, no body has ever inquired for a second. — My Trade is that of a Buckram-Stiffner, an Employment that occasions moderate Labour and Profit, and therefore not only healthy but sufficient to maintain me and my small Family. It excites ad Ruborem, not ad Sudorem; which my ingenious Friend Mr. Lawrence observes, in his Book of Gardening, to be the most wholesome Exercise.

Yet let me confess the whole; and say I had a Motive to the writing and publishing this Poem, more inviting than any I have mentioned, and that was Vanity, the desire of appearing in Print, of being an Author, the *Monstrarier digito*, & *dicier hic est*, of Horace, ran strangely in my Head and tickled me. And I was not a little encouraged to this, by the great Success, by the Profit and Indulgence, which the more ingenious Mr. Stephen Duck the Thresher, lately met with for his *Lucubrations*. He brought his *Wildings* to Town, and they were accepted; why may not I, thought I, offer the publick a little wholesome Bitter.

*Bitter. I imagined you must know, before this
appearance of Mr. Duck, that Authors, e-
specially poetical Authors, were a sort of idle
Gentry. who had no other Employment, who
had nothing else to do, and not valuing their
even time, were as little careful how other
People spent their Hours. — I am at this
moment doing the very same thing: I fancy
now I could write much longer than any,
even the most idle of my Readers could find
time or inclination to peruse me; I have
indeed something too much leisure, our busi-
ness being a little slack alate, occasioned by
— Farewel — I will keep you no longer
in the Porch. Walk in. Ingredere ut pro-
ficias. Read and be Edify'd.*



VERRES

ERRATA.

*Canto I. l. 89. for play'd, read ply'd.
Examen p. 59. l. 16. for Members, Numbers*

((519))

~~Interfering, misleads, injures, and lous,~~

~~A world of pains, and grief, and sorrow,~~

~~The Mules does: to reaching no distance~~

~~But as they languish the human race.~~

VERRES

The Consul the City not the holy Hill!

Consul cast Mount Vesuvius in the Gulf!

SCRIBBLERS, &c.

~~And when the Law with hollow charms to kill,~~

~~Boast of his Atom and his family,~~

INTRODUCTION.

AND shall I then for ever silent stand,

And let th' illiberal, servile, scribbling

Band

Pass unchastis'd? Who that has Ink, or Gall,

Can bear unmov'd these courtly Whirlings Brawl?

Unmov'd can see what impious Arts they try, &

The Cankers of fair Truth and Liberty?

In numerous Tribes the noxious Insects prey,

As Locusts, by their Numbers make their way.

And

Unletter'd, witless, insolent, and loud,
 A noisy, factious, empty, shameless Croud : 10
 The Muses Foes ; to Learning no disgrace,
 But as they scandalize the human Race.

The Court, the City, nor the noisy Hall,
 Could ever wound my Sight, or warm my Gall,
 Old *Emily* shall wear what Face she will, 12
 And harmless try with borrow'd Charms to kill,
 And *Dorilas* shall, unrebuk'd by me,

Boast of his Valour and his Family.

I'm not concern'd how *Harlequina* L—, 14
 By Building, Ladies, Racers, is undone. 20
 Nor how *Corinna* plays the well-known Game,
 And what she wants in Money, pays in Fame.

Let pious, vitious *Fusca* pray, and paint,
 The closest Sinner, the most seeming Saint :
 Indecencies in Picture she abhors, 25
 And only real Nudities adores :
 Loosely she thinks, religiously debates,
 And censures with her Pity, those she hates :
 While

While down-cast Eyes, and regulated Mien,
Hide the licentious Fires that burn within. 36

Let *Daily Posts* and *Daily Post-Boys* glory,
Who best translated *Miss Cadeir's* lewd Story;
I see their silly Feuds with careless Eyes,
Quite unconcern'd to read, or criticise.

501119

Nor shall the Follies of the Stage and Court, 35
Whom *Barnwell* and Dame *Jobson* so transport,

Arrest my Pen. — Our Errors, with us born,
Rather demand our Pity than our Scorn.

Muckworm hunts Gold, Vultures on Carnage prey,
Mankind their Passions; Instinct, Brutes obey: 40
Vice is to Nature join'd; do what we can, —

A Beast will be a Beast, a Man a Man;
The World then, spite of me, will keep its course,
Nor for my Lines, or better be or worse.

disturb flow and never mind the word can ship

But when low Slaves, without the least Pre-

terence in edr abims book a ee nelednq 45

To Learning, Virtue, Truth, or common Sense,
Insult

Infuse our Laws, our free-born Rights about,
We rise ; — And Indignation fires the Muse.

Shall Laureat C---y chaunt his Bellman Strains,
And laud the K---g without or Verse or Brains ? So
Shall every callow Wicking claim the Bays
Untouch'd, while Starelings chirp their Patron's

Praise ?

Whilst modest H---y as he talks indites,
And W---s prints himself what W---s writes.

Each Week a Squadron from the Press appears, 55
A Rout of short-liv'd, Mushroom Pamphleteers,
Odd Journals, Ballads, Visions, Speeches, Ghosts,
P---s, Evening, Daily, Flying Rags.
While on his Side, their Patron smiles to see A
The Strength and Numbers of his Infantry ; 60
Alike they plead his Cause, alike prevail : 70
The best cou'd never write, the worst can rail.

Unshaken as a Rock amidst the Flood 81
Of breaking Waves and Froth, old Years stood,
He

(5)

He pointed out the Man, his Country's Foe, 63
He bad us first the daring Robber know.
Instant, proclaim'd his Frauds, reveal'd his Guile;
Pursu'd him close thro' ev'ry mazy Wile.
With Eloquence, Wit, Learning, Judgment fir'd,
The generous Champion, Prophet like, inspir'd, 70
The Statesman's mercenary Legions broke,
And pension'd Armies scatter'd as he spoke.

Supported well, the venerable Scribe
Pursu'd, undaunted, all his hireling Tribe,
And their affrighted Chieftain, forc'd to fly 75
To an Imperial hallow'd Sanctuary.

A glorious Band of noble Heroes share
With free-born *Verus* in the Patriot War :
Whate'er Reproach, whate'er Reward they meet,
Unconquer'd, and unpension'd, *Good and Great.* 80

So when the wily Fox, rapacious, bold,
Injust Invader, Felon of the Fold,
Is by the generous Band pursu'd, the Sky
Resounds, Hounds, Horns and Hunters fill the Cry,
O'er
A 3

O'er Hills, Dales, Furrows, Woods, the fright-
ed Prey, and redd'ning quiver'd bow had staid
Breathless a-while, and panting makes his way
By Distance cover'd from the naked Sight;
The tainted Air reveals his guilty Flight :
He chafes, looks back, his Nostrils hard respire,
And his red Eyes are pale with livid Ire :
When bold by Danger, prompted by Despair,
He steals his Resolution from his Fear ;
Earth's him in Royal Glebe ; there snug he lies,
And all his bold Pursuers, safe, desies.
His bold Pursuers stop, and give him play :
He promises good Sport another Day.

The End of the Introduction.

So much the more for the "little" part

THE

First CANTO.

*V*ERRES' o'er fair *Sicilia's* fruitful Land,

Was once, at least the second in Command.

The sacred Love of Gold inspir'd his Soul,
 Inflam'd his Bosom, and possess'd him whole.
 Gold he believ'd Religion, Justice, all
 That Mortals Wise or Good, or Virtuous call,
 Ballance of Right and Wrong, th' unerring
 weight

His only Scale, and Instrument of State.

Parient a-while the poor *Sicilians* bore
 His insolent Abuse of Wealth and Pow'r, 10
 Tho' swoln with Rapine, thirsting after more.

Plump

B 4.

Plump was the Minister, the People thin,
As if he was the Nation's Magazine.

Thus while Proprietors fell under Par
Their *Supercargoes* flourish, fat and fair, 15
Are in one Voyage rich enough to buy,
At least a *German* Principality.

To every Sense of Worth and Virtue lost,
The *Vultur* ravag'd on the Publick Cost :
Tax'd every Man's, and swell'd his own Estate, 20
Bought Mannors, Pictures, Palaces and Plate,
By selling, quarring, palming, private jobbing,
Reversions, Places, Pensions, publick robbing,
TH' unfated Thief shone with inglorious Fame,
His Wealth and Honours pointed out his Shame.

25

So *Terminata's* rich Attire reveals
In what dear Ware the venal Harlot deals,
And landless *Milo's* Equipage denotes,
'Tis not his Farm supports him, but his V— In

In Peace thus rul'd, the wrong'd *Trinacrians*
 bear,
 Slowly consuming, all the Waste of War,
 Their Honour, Credit, Virtue, Courage, Trade,
 By Stipulations injur'd or betray'd.

The *Roman* Virtue, and the *Roman* Name,
 Their dear bought Commerce and their laurel'd
 Fame,
 By bungling little Arts dishonest lay,

Their Ships to Pyrates a dishonest Prey,
 Their Virtue sunk, their Grandure overthrown,
 Without a Battle or a Plague undone;

No Fire, or Sword, or Famine in that Isle 40
 Destroy'd, low subtle Ministerial Guile
 Consum'd around; by this did angry Fate
 Perform Heaven's Vengeance on a guilty State.

In the fair Promise of the youthful Year
 Sweet blooming Flowers, and Fruits perfume the

Air, 45

The

(10)

The Season gently smiles, the Southern Wind
waters with wealthy Crops the lab'ring Hind,
Kind genial Heats, and soft descending Show'rs
Swell the green Gems, and paint the Fields with
Flowers.

Sudden, black Vapours rise; devour and burn, 50
Parch the young Grass, and blite the rising Corn;
Consum'd by the dire Stroke the groaning Land
Feels dreadfully the MINISTERIAL hand.

The publick Voice, ten thousand, thousand
Tongues

Demand'd Justice and proclaim'd their wrongs, 55
The Father of his Country, *Fully* rose,
Call'd up the great Delinquent to oppose.

And thus impeach'd, the mighty Robber stood,
Surrounded by his Clients, and a Crowd,
A Pensionary Crowd, who knew no Shame, 60
The sharers of his Fortune, Guilt and Fame

Divide

Divide the Plunder and support the Cause, and
As mercenary Lawyers feed on Laws, obtain

Those who from Avarice or Lust are poor.

The Bane of Virtue, Canker of the Spring; 65

This Viper thro' his COUNTRY'S Entrails gnaws,

Preys on her Libertys, her Wealth and Laws.

Behold him in the Sunshine glide along

Elare, and brandishing his forky Tongue,

An Instrument, an ignominious Tool, 70

The hireling Drudge of a rapacious Fool,

A thoughtless Brute fatted to serve his Lord,

T' absolve his Errors, or to grace his Board.

Thus in the servile Wheel the blind dull Beast

For his hard Labour asks but Food and Rest, 75

Th'insensible, toils for his daily Pay.

And drudges his low worthless Life away.

Place-mongers, Anti-patriots, Spendthrifts,

Wags, Hoppers, Pimps, Petitioners, Projectors, Those

Those who would have, or have and wish for
more,

Those, who from Avarice or Want are poor,

Those who need Gold, Preferment, present Pay,

Share all with *Perres* in the publick Prey;

Some few there were adorn'd with learned

Fame,

Who neither press'd by Want, nor check'd by

Shame

Stood in his Files; these did a knowing Evil,

They made a shameless Contract with the Devil.

There were too in his Suite, an empty train

Who play'd their fallen Facultys in vain;

The Muses on their harmless Labours found,

They would be witty, but were not impow'd;

These Eunuch Politicians know no Joys,

And wisely what they can not know, despise.

When beest'd *Iris* cries she hates Quadrille

Or *Caesar's* talks of Chastity, we smile.

The

The Fair one's Hare proceeds from want of Gold,

And the worn Letcher's impotent and old

Veneries impeach'd! the pension'd Crowd attend,

Along their Market, and their Bread defend.

Yet while the *Roman* Pleader urg'd the Cause, too

His injur'd Country's violated Laws,

Her Wealth, her Honour, and her Trade's Decay,

To foreign and domestick Foes a Prey,

The servile Throng with Pain and Pleasure bear

And ow'd he touch'd the Heart and charm'd the

Bar.

Delight and Knowledge dwelt upon his Tongue,

Sweet was his Eloquence, his Reason strong.

Th' impleaded Minister felt every Word,

Each piercing Accent was a pointed Sword,

His glaring Guilt thro' ev'ry Feature broke; too

The *Pretor* trembled as the Consul spoke,

Unur'd his Sinews, pale his brazen Brow,

His Troops, without his Aid, support him now.

His

His Troops, not quite dismay'd, observ'd with

Grief his impotent and now the

Inclose and homeward bear their wounded Chief.

There on his Couch revolving, restless lay, I 16

Their Parton, waiting long the tedious Day, I A

Yet while the Queen's Pleader nigh the Castle

Aurora's golden Rays renew'd the Light, I H

And chas'd away the sullen Shades of Night, I H

Poor bubbled Clients not in haste to know, I 20

How more and more they shall themselves undo.

To *Coven-garden* Play is bid *Thail* hies, I b A

And gives that Heart to God the Men despoil.

The Kibed head'd Stripling creeps, undone, I his

Theme, I as I say, I conclude his Rec, I 24

And the ripp'd Plow-boy whistles to his Team.

While *Sappho* with the Lark her Plaine reviews

Of *Phaon's* perfidy; I a loud in sweating Stews

Philemon dozes out the live long Day, I ed T

In feverish Dreams, glattred with Love and Play.

Now too, with empty Purse, and fluster'd Head, I 30

Fair *Delia* quits her Cards, and steals to Bed.

all

Shops,

Shops, Levees, Offices are open found:
The busy World still goes the same dull Round.

Nor *Tyrian* Vestments, nor the *Persian* Loom,

Nor softest Musick chase away the Gloom 135
Of trembling, jealous *Verres*: waking Fears

Out-stretch his Eye-lids, and increase his Cares:

The poorest Slave in *Syracuse* might know

Sweet Sleep, to *Verres*, grown a stranger now;

He rose; and on his Down and Velvet plac'd,

For Chocolate and *Pbormio* call'd in haste.

The ready Lawyer, and the Breakfast came;

The Minister, with Lungs and Eyes in flame,

Hem'd thrice, to stir his Choler and his Brain;

Shook his capacious Joul, and thus began. 146

“ Long have I strove this *Tully* to retain,

“ Long have I try'd with Art and Gold to gain

“ Th' obdurate, hard, impracticable Man.

“ Nor

" Nor Honours tempt, nor Wiles nor Pow'r
" seduce,

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" Curse on th' unwanting, cunning, vain Re-
" cluse!

" With haughty Fires th' Enthusiast Patriot
" glows,

" Denouncing Vengeance on *Sicilia's* Foes.

" He looks on Peculation as a Crime,

" Wou'd have a Minister a Prude, like him; 155

" Gifts, Pensions, Jobs, Gratuities and Bribes,

" Gods in what hideous Colours he describes!

" Shall we, the Dregs of *Romulus*, pretend
For Cincinnatus and Cato to contend?

" With *Plato's* pure Republic to contend? 159

" Say, what a Figure wou'd that Statesman make
Them of pieces to give his Country?

" Who shou'd resolve neither to give nor take?

" Who shou'd resolve neither to give nor take?

" *Marcus* knows this, — He aims at me

" alone:

" I must his Vengeance with my Pow'r atone.

" I must his Vengeance with my Pow'r atone.

" Oh

" Oh ! could I purchase him by Wealth, or
Prayer !

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" My Wealth, my Post, my Life he will ensnare !
He would blow up, I know his Knavery,

" K—, Q—, L—, C—, B—,
" St—, ME.

" I hate him, *Phormio* ; yes, to death I hate

" This Man of Reason, Eloquence, Estate ;

" And if we give him Time or Breath, or play,

" He'll talk my Place, or write my Life away.

" I know his daring, his inveigling Pen, 172

" What Force it has, and where it works, and
" when.

" I know, when moulded into Bullets, Lead

" Is less destructive, than in Letters made. 173

" However, *Phormio*, let us arm and try

" With their own Shot t' annoy this Enemy.

" Away then, and retain, search all the

" Town ;

" From every Garret lug each Scribbler down,
" The

- " The choicest Spirits of all *Grubstreet* glean, 180
" *P—l, W—s, R—s*, dull loquacious Train.
" Collect 'em all, invite them all to eat ;
" Cram their cold Trunks with Politicks and
" Meat :
" Throng'd Pens, in thick embattel'd Hosts,
" prepare ;
" New nibb their blunted Wits and Points for
" War. 185
" Let them talk much and loud, provoke, dis-
" pute ;
" Revile, affirm, and as they rail, refute.
" Let them discharge thick Show'rs of Ribald
" Prate, 195
" Choice Market-flow'rs, and Tropes of *Bil-*
" *linggate*.
" Nature and Education both supply 190
" The *Rhetors*, with this known Artillery.
" Let them deal much in Dirt, and tainted
" Breath,
" Their hostile Air may stink the Foe to
" death.
" Croud,

" Croud, bustle, bluster, threaten, brag, bespatter;

" Down with these Patriots, and this publick

" Prater.

195

" And if, —but that's a Secret known to few,

" These don't succeed, I must apply to you.

" Yes, if these Writers keep them not in

" Awe,

" *Phormio*, we'll trip them up with Tricks of

" Law :

199

" But that is our last Refuge.—Oh, my Soul!

" Suspicion, Anger, Hate, disdain Controul :

" They shake the Region of my tortur'd Breast.

" With conscious Fears my lab'ring Heart op-

" press'd,

203

" This *Consular* beholds arm'd with the Laws,

" Puff'd with the noisy Praise of Virtue's Cause.

" Away then, *Phormio*, haste, begone, avaunt,

" Raise thou the mercenary Troops we want ;

" Let the throng'd Hosts look terrible, and

" dare

" The Horrors of a *ministerial* War."

C 2

This

This said, reclining on his Couch he fate; 210
 The *Journal* left his Hand, the Chocolate
 Sully'd his Robe— The crafty Lawyer saw
 The gowny War proclaim'd; — He knew the

Law

Must end the Strife; — then bent his Head and

Knee

Asking an Order on the Treasury; 215

The Chief assented with a smiling Grace,
 And *Phormio* lowly bending, left the Place
 His Levy-Money for the Troops to raise:
 Money! the Nerve of War, and Band of Peace.

Faith, Friendship, Love and Truth, are bought
 and sold, 220

Wit, Virtue, Beauty, Justice, Worth, is Gold;
 The Soldier's Courage, and the Lawyer's Tongue,
 The Balance, and the Scale of Right and
 Wrong.

Trust,

Trust, *Verres*, then, this grand Specifick trust,
And know while thou art wealthy, thou art just.

225

And now the *Levee* fills, the buzzing Herd
To one another whisper'd, bow'd and sneer'd.
Mix'd in the motley Heap together squeeze,
Hopes, Joys, Fears, Pensions, Presents, Promises.
Pyebalds and *Greys* together blending, croud, 230
Fother'd, and *Promise-cram'd*, they sound aloud
Their *Patron's* Praise; their *Patron* slides along
On each side bending to the servile Throng;
On each a gracious Sneer at least bestows,
And doles around his Morning-lycs and Vows.

235

End of the First CANTO.

C 3 THE

T H E

Second C A N T O.

W H A T is this Sound, this Phantom, fairy
Name,

Which most Men fly and follow, soft wing'd

Fame ?

Toil'd for in vain, mistaken by the Croud,

Who while they seek a Goddess, grasp a Cloud.

The Muses Sons on the cold Vision live, 5

And deathless Wreaths of Fame receive and give.

The Warrior hears it in the Trumpet's Sound,

The Statesman seeks it in his Wiles profound.

The daring Hunter wakes the lazy Morn,

And feels Renown in *Fowler* and his Horn ; 10

While the cramm'd Justice his dull Fame resigns

To a few lying monumental Lines.

Ev'n

Ev'n *Verres* tries to shine with borrow'd Rays,
 And hungers after mercenary Praise.
 Say, Statesman, can thy Scribes of evil Fame, 15
 Thy Reputation, long since lost, reclaim ?
 Thy Reputation lost for ever mourn,
 For never will the Fugitive return.
 Nor will fair Fame be purchas'd, take my Word,
 Or let the following Fable bear Record. 20

Fulvia, vain *Fulvia*, once each bloomy Grace
 Adorn'd ; with Harmony of Limbs and Face,
 Her Motion ravish'd, every Feature charm'd,
 Her Smile the coldest Hermit might have warm'd.
 So much all venal Beauties she surpass'd, 25
 Most Men admir'd or worshipp'd, first or last ;
 'Twas want of Feeling to be quite unmov'd
 With her whom many purchas'd, all approv'd.

Untouch'd with amorous Joys, Gold was her
 Test,

And she lov'd most the Man who paid her
 best.

No taste but Gold th' usurious Trader knew,
 A Prostitute in Soul and Body too,
 Who purchas'd the fair Image to his Arms,
 Possess'd a little senseless Miser's Charms.

Grown old and rich, *Fulvia* was fond of
Fame, 35

And wou'd have purchas'd with her Purse, a
 Name ;

In vain she canted, wept and whin'd, and pray'd,
 Detested Harlots, flatter'd, treated, paid,
 Monthly receiv'd with Whites of Eyes; gave Alms,
 Had strange religious Doubts and pious Qualms.

40

Fulvia was still the same, and something more,
 All Men agreed to what she was before ;
 But now they added *Hypocrite* to Whore.

Among the Chiefs who serv'd in *Verres'* Band
 The Names that follow took the great Command.
 First was infliſt *Scurra*, glorious Youth ; 46
 Immortal Foe to Liberty and Truth ;

Scurra

Scurra, who once a Week, delightful Swain?
 To treat the Town, drops his inspid *Train* *.
 We stare to hear this wordy Trifler chatter,
 A flow of words, Froth uninform'd with Matter. 50
 Thrice knowing Politician ! happy Boy !
 Thy high judicious Master's Pride and Joy.
 Great Minds like these by Sympathy unite,
 Assimilate and talk, and act and write :

In most things equal ; thus when *Scurra's* prating,
 55

You'd swear his very Patron was deb---g.
 Unbound by Laws, not fashion'd to the Rules
 Of Decency, nor soften'd by the Schools ;
 Of Letters, Manners, Morals, Honour void,
 Well qualify'd the Scribbler was employ'd : 60
 And well did he support the Trust, nor fail
 His Master's sole Commands ; to write and rail.
 Rail on, Polemick Champion, dauntless Youth,
 And trust to strength of Lungs, instead of Truth.

* *The Guts of a Woodcock.*

So the learn'd Marrons, who green Wall-fleet
 sell,
 Own the last Speaker bears away the Bell.

65

Next *Cotta*, reas'ning *Cotta*, that flat Rogue
 Receiv'd his Pay — dull doating Pedagogue!
 No Passions stir in his Lethargick page,
 Or the calm Reader's slumbers disengage; 70
 Each heavy Paragraph drags slowly on,
 And ere we recollect, the Matter's gone.
 The shackled Slave talks just as he is fed,
 Scribbling against his Principles for Bread;
 Yet not abandon'd to a Master quite, 75
 Sometimes his words recoil when he wou'd
 write,
 And *Cotta* mouths the Thorns, he dares not
 bite.

Unlike bold *Scurra*; *Scurra* plunges in, 80
 Spurs his prose *Pegasus* thro' thick and thin,
 Praises, reviles, affirms, denys, goes on,
 Neither to blushing, nor retracting prone. Th'

Th' unfeeling Convict still erects his Face,
And glories in that dauntless Front of Brags,

From poor *Hibernia's* Shore *Mamurra* came,
Thin was his Form, and thinner was his Fame. 85
A starveling Shade, unknowing and unknown,
The Goddess *Hebes* laid him to the Town :

Here Son, she said, " This is the Spot to thrive,
" Beg Paper, borrow Pen and Ink, and live.

" Behold, around, my numerous Offspring croud,

90

" And grateful me their Parent own aloud.

" Gleeeful and sleek, they batten on the Soil

" Of this luxuriant, fruitful, plunder'd Isle.

" Thy macerated Flesh, those Eyes that sink,

" May make your Enemys believe you think, 95

" That you to midnight Lucubrations owe

" Those deep sunk Furrows that deform your
brow ;

" Thy Fame, thy Fortune thus might be undone,

" I, who know better, *recognise* my Son.

" Obtruse

“ Obtuse thy Wit, and torpid is thy Seull, 100

“ Immers’d in Clouds, impenetrably dull; 101

“ Rouse up, and with the Ministerial Band,

“ My favour’d Children, take the first Command.”

She said.—And ere th’ approach of breaking day,

Cloth’d in thick Vapours gently stole away. 105

Full of the Goddess, pale *Mamurra* rose,

A while his Hair and Voice the Vision froze,

Nor did th’ unthinking Youth delight to trace,

Th’ immortal Honours of his deathless Race :

Tho every Feature, every labour’d Line, 110

Confess’d, and loudly spoke his Origin.

Therefore a while to the Poetick throng

Ungifted, uninspir’d *Mamurra* clung,

Flatter’d poor Witlings for his daily Bread,

And on the Gleanings of the Muses fed. 115

But ’twas not long, when by his Lord’s Com-
mands

Sage *Phormio* lifted him in *Verres’* Bands. Whole

Whole Troops of scribbling Heroes, such as these,
The busy Lawyer for his Patron fees.

'Tis strange, that any Crimes, or any Brain,
Such Advocates shou'd want, or entertain, 121
And it may well be said that the worst Cause,
Had the worst *Council* too that ever was.

To these the *Butcher's Orator* was join'd,
By Reason, Law and Conscience unconfin'd, 125
The shameless Babblers left his weekly Prate,
Of Bawdy, Blasphemy and *Billingsgate*,
To serve the Statesman's Cause, and well he
serv'd,

And the small Pension that he earn'd, deserv'd.
A brazen *Priest* like this no Age or Time 130
Produc'd, and *Oates* was but a Type of him.
A Zany without Humour, Wit or Sense,
And matchless only in his Impudence.

As staunch a Libertine and Hypocrite,
As e'er gain'd Pow'r or Wealth by Holy Writ. 135
Such

Such were the leading Captains of the War,
These in his Pensions and his Honours share.

Sage *Phormio* now supply'd with real Fame,
In *Grocer's-Alley* Faith, to Chamber came,
A while the written Treasure he survey'd, 145 }
When having view'd it, with a Smile, he said ; }
Oh had *Sybilla's* Leaves such worth convey'd,
Their Power, their sacred Knowledge had sur-
pass'd,

And the whole strength of Heav'n and Earth
amass'd. 149

Hail, *letter'd Chiefs*, who like your Masters stand,
Like them with plain and inbred worth command.
Mankind your unstain'd Characters allow,
Your Credit honour, and your Virtue know.
Strange Pow'r of sacred Truth thus to refine
The solid Bullion into Paper Coin.

He folded up his Notes with this Remark :

Then call'd his Favourite, *sui juris*, Clerk.

Codrus,

Codrus, to Tricks and legal Cunning bred,
 Five Years with solid Nonsense cramm'd his Head,
 He cou'd declare, rejoin, draw Writs of Error, 165
 Spin out with Replication and Demurrer :

He judg'd full well where a Point pinch'd, and lay,
 Snapp'd Judgment by Default before the Day :
 Sham Pleas, and Bail, and Innuendo's learn'd,
 Made Errors first, and then those Errors
 dearn'd. 170

The Cause was good upheld with Wealth and
 Pow'r,

In form'd Pauperis the Cause was poor.

This useful learned 'Squire was not alone
 Acquainted with the Practice ; but the Town,
 The little meagre scribbling Tribe he knew, 175
 Translating, Copying, Index-making Crew.
 He serv'd sometimes without a Fee, their Cause
 Defending with the Battledore of Laws.
 And then retiring to unbend his Mind,

In these the social Joys of Life wou'd find : 180
 He

He quaff'd his smiling Ale, and play'd his Part,
In Pun or Quibble, or Conundrum smart.

When *Phormio*, with a smooth and steady

Brow:

"*Codrus*, thy Faith and Services I know,

" Thro' my Depths, and dang'rous Paths where

" none

" Durst follow, for thy Master hast thou gone.

" Forg'd, brib'd, suborn'd, interpolated, swore,

" And wou'dst have done, had I commanded,

" more.

" Thy Nose, Ears, Back, and Neck have been

" for me

" Full oft in ineritorious Jeopardy. 195

" Illustrious Youth, since in our Age Renown

" Is to be purchas'd by these Arts alone.

" Thy rising Genius shall thy Worth dilate,

" And Wealth and Honours on thy Merit wait.

" Ev'n our great Patron first like thee began, 200

" The blooming *Felon* promis'd first the Man,

" Daring

“ Daring like thee, from Fact to Fact he rose ”
 “ Successful, and superior to his Foes. ”
 “ Thy glorious Actions have their just regard ”
 “ And soon shalt thou partake of the Reward. ”

“ Our Patron long defam’d with reasoning
 “ “ Tools, ”

“ Unfashionable Patriots, Virtue’s Fools, ”

“ Who form romantick, visionary Schemes ”

“ For publick Good, and doat upon their ”

“ Dreams, ”

“ They write, they talk, unskill’d in Arts to ”

“ rise, ”

“ And view his glorious height with envious ”

“ Eyes, ”

“ Revive the Language of the Schools, and cry, ”

“ Corruption, Taxes, Plunder, Perfidy. ”

“ With Reason, Eloquence, inveigling Arts, ”

“ They steal into the willing People’s Hearts, ”

D

“ Their ”

" Their oily Tongues delude the giddy crowd

" Who call for Justice and Revenge aloud.

" The Tyrant Winds that irresistible blow,

" Rend the tall Pines on the bleak Mountains
" brow.

" The publick Voice may thus impetuous roar,

220

" Rust on our *Patron* and subvert his Pow'r.

" Thou see'st the danger, *Codrus*, hasten then,

" Oppose thou Voice to Voice, and Pen to Pen ;

" Call from their dark Abodes ten thousand

" Tongues,

" Blow thou with flatt'ring Hope ten thousand

" Lungs :

225

" Let them with one accord the Voice proclaim

" Of *Verres*, *Verres*' Virtue, *Verres*' Fame,

" Thro' every Street let their hoarse Hawkers

" His Honour's Wisdom and Original.

" How

" How Generations ten and seven know, 230

" He nor his Fathers ever held the Plow.

" But let your Orators be bold and tough,

" Impetuous, pushing, arrogant and rough,

" Attack on every side at once ; confound,

" And bawl this hated Foe to death with Sound. 235

" I've said, a Pension or a Place it's State

" Shall on their meritorious Dullness wait.

" Thou know'st them all, *Mamurra, Scurra,*

" *Gnatbo,*

" Old *Omicron*, young *Bavius*, servile *Matbo.*

" Here let them in my Chamber meet at nine, 240

" Here I'll instruct them in the great Design."

Not *Hermes* when the Messenger of Love,

When urg'd by the Command of am'rous *Jove,*

With swifter Pinions cuts the yielding Air,

Than *Cadmus* did to his dear Friends repair. 245

And first the meagre cold *Mamurra* saw,
 Roll'd in his half flocc'd Rug, and Bed of Straw.
 With windy Stomach motionless he lay,
 In shapeless Visions dozing out the Day.

At *Codrus*' fight he rais'd his half numm'd Head,
 250

This Visit's kind, what News, my Friend, he
 said.

When *Codrus* thus, my Dear *Mamurra*, rise,
 Open at once thy Senses and thy Eyes;
Mamurra rise, be politick and great,
 Shake off thy Cares, be happy, rise and eat.
 255

O't have I seen in the cold thorny Brake,
 Wound in her folding Rings, th' enammel'd
 Snake,

Berumm'd her Blood, half dead the frozen Worm,
 While liting Winds her burnish'd back deform.

When

When waken'd by the Spring, and cheering
Ray,

260

Sh' unrols her Spires, and resalutes the Day,
Bounds o'er the Glebe, in all her Summer Pride
Renew'd, she casts her wintry Slough aside,
Erects her shining Crest, her Eyes around
She throws, and nimbly glides upon the Ground.
265

Ev'n thus *Mamurra* charm'd with *Codrus*'
Voice,

Felt the warm Sunshine and confess'd his Joys.

"*Codrus*, my Heart assenting feels with cheer
"Thy words, he said; but tell me whence, or
where,

"This unexpected Blessing shall arise, 270

"And ease my longing Soul of her surprize."

D 3 When

When thus the Clerk— "Great Buttrefts of

" the State,

" Our Patron does thy present Service wait.

" *Mamurra*, bleſs that moſt auſpicious Hour,

" When againſt Libellers thou ſhew'ſt the Power;

" Inſtructed how from abſolute Decrees,

" The Law makes Libels, what the Lawyers

" pleaſe,

" And wiſely taught illuſtrious Thieves to know

" The means to puniſh thoſe who call them ſo.

" Dear Friend, thy Paper and thy Print no

" more, 280

" Mercurial Rogues ſhall on thy Hands reſtore,

" No more unfolded Learning now ſhall bear

" The Chandler's, or incloſe the Grocer's ware,

" By *Verres*' Purſe thy Writings ſhall be ſpread

" O'er all *Sicilia's* Plains,— *perhaps, be read.*

285

" Away

" Away then, dress, consult thy bit of Glass,

" Whiten thy Band, and cleanse that umber'd
" Face.

" Thy fully'd Person, not thy Parts, refine.

" In *Phormio's* Chamber you'll attend at nine."

This said, young *Hermes* shot like Lightning
down

290

And the new Stateling left amaz'd, alone :

Silent he stood, this visionary Glean

Of Light and Hope he yet conceiv'd a Dream :

Till recollected ; — he believ'd 'twas given

A well tim'd Deodand from gracious Heav'n. 295

So bears his Father's sudden Death the Son,
His Credit and his only Shilling gone.

Now round the Suburbs *Codrus* swiftly flew,

And summon'd all the little *Scribbling Crew*.

He lifted Troops to writing quite untrain'd, 300

And from the lowest Tribes their Witlings drein'd

Grubean,

Grubean, Bavian, Mevian Legions led,
 He took up Brains that ne'er before were paid.
 Gave them their Levy Money, seal'd their Vows,
 And *Phormio's* Chambers were the *Redezvouz*.

305

Thus when the *City Marshal* sounds Alarms,
 Courts, Alleys, Streets th' untrain'd Militia
 swarms,
 All the dire hazards of the Battle dare,

Boys, Porters, Prentices turn Men of War.
 In open Air the maiden Colours wave, 310
 And a round Ale-fat *Auntient* bears the Staff.

Before, their *well-fed Chief* superbly struts,
 O'recharg'd with Feather, Vanity and Guts.
 He leads them forth to fam'd *Finsbury's* Plain,
 Then bravely reconducts them back again. 315
 Home from the bloodless Field they take their

way,
 And drown in Beer and Beer, the Labours of the
 Day.

The End of the Second Canto.

Andward, their bright beams meet our Eyes.

And these the consecrated Pinnacles rise

One large majestic Dome wasc in a Cloud

Is seen, arising o'er the neighb'ring Flood

Here Towers rose, here high ceasless Pinnacles

THE

Third CANTO.

AGES cast far behind, *Trinacris* Stream

Has of the Muses been the sacred Theme.

The placid Flood rolls ever gently down,

T' enrich and beautify the busy Town :

Constant she leads her Waters to the Main,

Then cheerfully returns to her lov'd Charge

again.

In her Mid-course the bending Current strays,

Where the pleas'd Eye with various Joy surveys

The numerous Piles devoted to the Gods,

Aspiring Columns rising in the Clouds, 10

These Works the pious Citizens applaud,

The City, fam'd for Piety and Fraud.

West-

Westward, such Pillars seldom meet our Eyes,
 Rarely these consecrated Buildings rise.
 One large majestick Dome wrapt in a Cloud, 15
 Is seen, aspiring o'er the neighbour Flood :
 Here Lawyers vend their daily ceaseless Prate,
 And here the Goddess *Themis* keeps her Seat.

Between the City and this reverend Hall,
 The sacred Center of all Civil Brawl, 20
 On the fair River's Bend, a costly Pile
 Appears, the rich Produce of Law and Guile.
 Here reverend *Bench*ers eat, and smoke, and pray,
 And, drench'd in *Port*, do set their dull Lives away.
 Thrice happy thus, if every Law-learn'd Head 25
 In harmless Joys their guiltless Hours wou'd lead.
 Here *Curtis* comes to fix his Fetters on
 And be, by legal Settlements undone,
 When *Clot*, tho' she gives her Hand and Heart,
 Arms prudently before to live a-part. 30

Here

Here wild *Philemon* mortgages again

His Land, to try another luckless Main :

Another luckless Main gives the last Blow,

And future Generations feel the Throw.

Here numerous Troops, a precedental Host, 35

Th' inglorious Arts of costly wrangling boast,

Plain or Defend, *Swiss* Soldiers of the Bar,

Who Judgment sell, and wage a wordy War.

They find Disputes, or they Disputes create,

Grow rich and fatten on the wife Debate. 40

Thus Cut-purses a sudden Quarrel feign,

And wisely make the Fray by which they gain.

In vain th' entangled poor Complainant frets,

Catch'd in the Meshes of the Law, like Nets :

And when the long contended Cause is won, 45

The Victor, in his Triumph, is undone.

The

The wounded * *Theban* thus in transport cry'd,
I Conquer ; — drew the bloody Point, ——— and
 dy'd.

Nor are these Buildings consecrate alone
 To these important Pleaders of the Gown, 50

Wits, Criticks, Sharpers, Bankrupts, Rakes and

Beaus

Here an *Asylum*, or a Dwelling chuse,

Abscond, dress, wench, or judge, or court
 the Muse.

Here old Sir *Tim* has plac'd his youngest *Ned*, }

Dry *Littleton* and dull Reports to read; 55 }

But Milliners and Musick croud his Head.

No Place to study Law can there be found,

The Room's already full of Love and Sound.

Here Critick *Macer* snarls, a joyless Wight;

In him the general Envy kills Delight, 60

* *Ephaminondas.*

On

On his own livid Spleen the Phantom feeds,
 And then pines most, when Merit most succeeds,
 Unknowing equally to judge or write,
 A Wou'd-be-Critick, and a Wou'd-be-Wit.
 In murdering others Fame he seeks his Praise, 65
 And since he tears away, wou'd wear the Bays.

So the wild *Tartar* fancies he's next Heir,
 To the whole Fame of those he slays in War.

The rolling Hours move on; the restless Clock
 Repeating Nine, th' appointed Minute spoke. 70
 Th' assembled Statelings, punctual to their Hour,
 Impatient wait his Call, at *Phormio's* Door.

Near that old Hall where callow Students treat
 Their learned Antients, where they moot and eat;
 There, without Pomp, did crafty *Phormio*
 plod; 75

Plain, but convenient, was his snug Abode :
 No gilded Vase, or *Parian* Marbles grace;
 Nor *Persian* Carpers the learn'd Floor debase;
 No

No pencil'd Beauties our charm'd Eyes enthrall,
 Or well-gilt Authors decorate the Wall. 80
 In Russet clad, old *Coke* and *Bracton* there;
Ploverden, *Croke*, *Dyer*, *Tekerton* appear;
 And all the tell-tale *Cassius* of the Bar.
 Deep learned, hoary Records hang around,
 In Sheep-skin Clothing:—silent and profound, 85
 Like reverend Judges: all before him laid
 Writs, Titles, Judgments on the Ground are
 spread,

Bonds, Pleadings, Informations scatter'd lie.

Mix'd with *Immortal* Bills in *Chancery*.

Here, as he sate, with Lumber round en-
 thrall'd, 90

His little Senate he before him call'd,

Mamurra, *Scurra*, *Mattho*, *Cotta* came,

And *Omicron*, the last, not least in Fame,

That *Omicron* who Forty Years had been

A Scribe, and dug his Living with his Pen. 95

Compiler, Linguist, Critick, Commentator.

Historian, Bard, *Collector*, and Translator; The

The Politician was the Placeman's Boast,
He wisely made his Head protect his Post.

So Spiders spin the very Dirt they eat,
And sagely build their Houses of their Meat.

Behind, a lawless, flying Squadron croud,
Bold, valorous, undisciplin'd and loud.

Prepar'd for glorious Jobs, a ready Tribe,
Who at a Pinch, swear, publish, write, tran-

scribe;
Who meritorious well-timed Service boast,

Corrupt an Hawker, bribe a *Daily Post*,
Suborn a Witness, fill a dull *Current*,

And the dull News with duller Stuff supplant;
These to be read postpone the daily Lye,

Th' officious *Aid de Camps* of Policy.

The chosen Orators now croud the Room,
Around old *Phormio* runs a buzzing Hum,

Whispers, and broken Sounds, and Accents heard,
Hunger and Joy in every Face appear'd;

They

They applaud their Chief; applaud the great Design,
Retain'd at once to scribble and to dine.

When *Codrus*, Silence thrice proclaim'd aloud,
And still'd the joyful, the loquacious Croud,
Each lean'd askant his Politician's Ear, 120
Phormio's Instructions to receive with care.

When thus the Chief:—"Illustrious SONS OF

"FAME,

"Why you were summon'd, for what Cause you

"came

"*Codrus* has said, —Our noble Parron's Voice,

"Has made your Services his worthy Choice, 125

"Bury'd, like Diamonds, in the Mine before,

"Unknown your Worth, and mix'd with com-

"mon Ore,

"Perhaps you'll ask, why *Verres* chose out you.

"To gloss his Deeds, before the *Book-learn'd* few.

"*The Book-learn'd* few, proudly declare they

"scorn

"His Crimes to varnish, or his Pow'r adorn,

"*Verres*

- " *Nerves* with just Contempt their Folly fees,
 " Let the thin Rogues in their cool Virtue freeze,
 " These strait-lac'd Fools both limit and refuse.
 " To consecrate his Worth: th' imperious Muse
 " Inform'd, forsooth, with visionary Fires, 141
 " To strange romantick Dignities aspires.
 " Let them persist, and stupidly deserve
 " The Blessings they receive; be proud and starve.
 " Why has he chosen you then, whom I
 " name 145
 " The wise Supporters of his Power and Fame,
 " Is not each Passion, Sentiment and Tongue
 " The same? What he thinks right, can you
 " think wrong?
 " Souls form'd alike make Friendships firmest tie,
 " 'Tis sacred sympathetick Unity. 150
 " Honours, Protection, Favour, Wealth and Power,
 " Are in our Hands, which, where we please, we
 " shower,
 " Half vanquish'd yet behold yon haughty Foe,
 " With love of Liberty and Virtue glow, " In-
 " E

" Incompas'd round, they rashly meet their
" Fate, 155

" Nor seem to bend beneath th' oppressive weight.

" Fiercely they charge, with Truth and Reason
" warm ;

" Curse on their Arts, in Virtue's Cause they charm:

" While the mad Vulgar murmur'ring out their
" Wrongs,

" Impeach our Conduct with ten thousand

" Tongues: 160

" Haste then, and since this is a War of Words,

" Draw all your Pens, the Gownman's deadly

" Swords:

" Press the Quill-war, rouse all the Hawking-cry,

" With noisy Pamphlets rend the vaulted Sky ;

" Forge thou the ductile Lie, and temper thou, 165

" *Scurra*, with Sound, the Force of Reason's blow.

" O'er the white Fields let Floods of Ink be shed,

" Our hostile Pens, th' imperious Foe shall dread.

" Let the full Glory of your Wit combine,

" And in one dazling printed Medley shine. 170
" Take

" Take all your several Parts, amongst you share
" The glorious Dangers of the plummy War;
" While thick battalion'd Sheets in printed Form
" Foretel, like gathering Clouds, the scribbling

Storm.

" There are, who some may your Superiors

" call, 175

" Your Betters some there are, who court our

" *Baal*;

" For Gold, Hope, Fear, Preferment, Honours,

" bow :

" And what are these but servile Things, like you,

" If servile 'tis to him, to bend the Knee,

" Whose Presence consecrates Idolatry: 180

" At least, our *Aaron's* Gold might draw all in,

" And tempt the stoutest *Israelite* to sin.

" I need not tell you what, or when to write,

" Or against whom, your *Genius* must be right.

" Attempt not Humour, Argument or Wit, 185

" These never will your *Solid Learning* fit.

" In dry, strong, wordy Paragraphs bespatter,

" A Torrent of loquacious flowing Matter.

E 2

" Ou^r

" Our generous *Patron* with a just regard,

" Your meritorious Labours will reward, 190

" Support, maintain, defend him, never shrink,

" * *Guard well his Cause by whom you'll eat*

" and drink.

" Your glorious Numbers in the Field display,

" And with loud Shouts the stubborn Foe dismay.

He said; dispersing strait the noisy Croud 195

With Tongues and Hands proclaim their Joys
aloud.

Thus when the cheerful Trumpets from afar,
Shake the mid Air, and wake the drowsy War:
Steeds, and embattled Squadrons scour the Field,
And the fierce Warriors dreadful Murmurs yield.

And now retiring to their Cells alone,
The puny Stalings Hearts dilated, shone.
Puff'd up with odd Sufficiency and Praise,
Each spur'd his jaded Hackney for the Bays.

* *Dryden.*

The

The tiptoe Politician higher stood, 205
And rose Gygantick from a Pigmy brood.

So *Scarlet's* Glasses cheat our wond'ring Eyes,
There the least Insects take a monstrous Size.
In the smooth Tubes we with surprize explore,
Huge Elephants, that were but Flies before. 210

Here let us leave 'em, pleas'd each Man with
one,

The Fool is happy in himself alone ;
But when in one both Fool and Knave unite,
They're always blest'd, and always in the right,
And urging firm their Int'rest 'gainst all Odds, 215
They make the most of Fortune and the Gods,

Touch thou the melancholy Cause. my Muse,
How things like these were ever thought of Use,
How low must Virtue sink, how high must Vice,
When Tools like these defend Corruption, rise. 220

In fair *Sicilia's* Plains luxurious Seeds,
As in the richest Soils the rankest Weeds, Choak'd
E 3

Choak'd all the rising Crop : to these they bow,
These laid *Trinacria's* glorious Island low :

All the rich Treasures which her Commerce
brought, 225

The bloody Laurels which her Conquests bought,

All Truth, Integrity and simple Grace,

To leud dishonest Luxury gave place ;

Pale Virtue left to prosp'rous Vice the way,

And all things were to Pow'r and Wealth a Prey.

230

In tuok'd up Hair, and the curt servile Vest,

The youthful *Roman*, like his Slave was dress'd.

No more War's Trump awakens martial Joys,

He dies away at a soft Eunuch's Voice :

Riot, and lavish Waste consume his Hours, 235

The Canker Luxury his bloom devours.

Proud Palaces in ev'ry part arise,

And new invented Crimes, and high priz'd Joys.

The distant Nations all are ranfack'd round,

Where richest, dearest Daintys may be found.

240

The

The *Cape* her Vines improves for their sole Use,
And *Indian Toddy* gives her cordial Juice.

Japan her Cups, and *Madera's* her Tea,
And wild *Hungarian* Mountains, rich *Tokay*!

The *Roman Matrons* now no more appear, 245
What their wife, virtuous, Housewife Mothers
were:

The Distaff long thrown by; they wear away,
The livelong Days in Dress, the Nights in Play;
While *Persian* Looms, and *Indian* Mines amass
Their noblest Treasures, for a Birth-day blaze. 250

Trinacria wasted thus with lawless ease
Declin'd, ev'n Liberty no more cou'd please,
Riot her sinking Virtues first did blite,
And Want did ev'ry Wickedness incite.

Hence servile Voices were by Bribes constrain'd,
255

And bias'd those Conventions where they
reign'd.

Hence venal Magistrates were made for Gold,
And a corrupted People bought and sold. Hence
E 4

(56)

Hence the corrupting *Prætor* trac'd the way
With their own Wealth the Subject to betray.

260

Their Riot made them poor, their Want his
Prey.

While the State Usurer secur'd his Prize,

And saw the Ruin with transported Eyes.

Here check thy two officious Lays, the Muse

No longer this invidious Task pursues, 265

Let those who shall hereafter sing, relate

What was *Trinacria's*, what was *Verres'* Fate.

I quit th' ungrateful Theme,— a sated Guest,

Let *A——d*, *P——t*, or *H——y* tell the rest,

And all th' invenom'd, irritable Race, 270

The Slaves of Pensions, or the Tools of Place.

E X.

EXAMEN

OF THE

Preceding POEM.

I SIT down to a Task not very usual with us modern Writers, and in the performance of which, notwithstanding any thing I may offer to the contrary, I shall be suspected of Partiality ; and that is, *The Confession of my Sins*, a particular and publick Declaration of the Errors in the preceding Poem.

The first reasonable Objection of my candid Critick and Reader may be, *Why did not the Fool mend his Faults, if he knew them before he published his Poem?* The Fool answers, he did not do this for the very same Reason, that you Criticks chuse rather to judge than to write. It was much easier for him to find Faults than to mend them ; nor is he sure he cou'd have amended them if he had attempted it ; and besides this, you are to know, he is very indolent, and did not think it worth any Pains.

It will be said again perhaps, and with some appearance of Reason too : *Was he obliged to write*

write and to print a Poem? He answers, Yes. His Vanity, Self-sufficiency, a foolish Fancy that he cou'd mend the World, set Things to rights that were wrong, laugh People out of their Follies, shame them out of their Vices, prate them out of their bad Understandings, rail Folks out of wicked Principles, talk away Pen'sions, whip Knaves, ridicule Fools, and many such chimerical Notions, incited him to become a Scribbler.

But to the purpose, the Anatomy of this Piece; I am determin'd to cut it up myself, that every Gentleman Critick may, with the more ease, help himself to the Fault he likes best, and by that means be possibly prevented from mangling a Beauty, which now and then may happen in an irregular Dissection.

We will begin then with considering the Fable, if there is any; for as I intended, as it may plainly appear, in some places to imitate the mock Heroic Poems, I ought to have form'd a Fable, which seems to be not only an essential, but the most agreeable Part. In *Homer's Batrachomyomachia*, in *Tasso's La Secchia Rapita*, *Boileau's Lutrin*, and the *Rape of the Lock*, there are Fables. But I think this Poem is very deficient in that particular. In this there is but a piece of a Story or a Fable told, and that irregularly, for it does not begin till the opening of the second Canto. It is mention'd too in some places, as if it were an Affair now in Transaction, and that I waited to conclude my Fable, when the whole Business was finished; and so complete my Story from the real Catastrophe whatever it should be

'be, or whenever it should happen. But surely this is a very lame Justification of me in this particular; I ought most certainly to have invented and imbellished, and made my Work as perfect as I cou'd: this is the Business, hence came the Name *Poet*.

The Verses are in many places inharmonious, the Epithets are often ill chosen, hard, and crowded, very little Pains has been taken to smooth, or correct the Numbers in any particular; it requires more Labour to make good Verses, than I had Leisure or Patience to bestow upon them. Now tho I think this would have been a pardonable Crime, if I had written the Satyr in imitation of *Horace*, *Juvenal* or *Perseus*, where the Members are loose and negligent, and more prosaick; yet when I presumed to copy the *Mock Heroic*, which affects to swell in all the Pomp and Splendor of Heroic Verse, where all the Force and Ridicule lyes in seeing buskin'd Pigmyes strut in imaginary Characters: I think I am guilty of a Fault, and a very great one too. I think likewise the Names, as well as the Characters themselves, are not contrived or managed so as to raise that proper Ridicule which they ought to have done. If we observe the Titles only of the little Mock Heroes in the *Battle of the Frogs and the Mice*, it may give us some Idea of what a true Heroi-Comical Poem should be. One of the Mice-Generals is called, *Αποπισσάλος*, or *Wily-bread-catcher*; another is stiled *Δεινύναρ*, *Smooth-tongue* — or *Lickspittle* — another bears the sounding Name of *Τερηδόνης* the *Flaw-maker*: Now, tho these Names wou'd have been very just and natural, and proper to

the Characters of the little Vermin whom the Author has raised in this Poem, and made the Tools of *Verres*, yet as in the *Greek* they wou'd have sounded hard, as you may see, so in our own Language, *Lickspittle*, and *Bread-catcher*, and *Flaw-maker*, are too mean and low for Heroicks, and wou'd have lost their Dignity for want of Sound.

I have likewise in some places mixed Characters quite foreign to the main design of my Poem, which in the beginning of it professes to satyryze only *Verres* and his under Instruments. I can affirm indeed, with great Sincerity, that tho I did this to heighten the Colouring, and give a little variety to my Reader, yet I think it proceeded in Truth from a jejune and barren Imagination, mixed with a lazy Disposition, unable or unwilling to raise sufficient Matter from the Subject itself to entertain.

There are several other capital Faults, which neither I can cure, nor will the Criticks forgive, and such are the Non-observance of Time, Place, Action, any of the Unitys, the breach of them all perpetually; sometimes you are in *Sicily*, sometimes in *Italy*, sometimes in *England*. No Regard at all is had to the difference of Manners, Countrys, Circumstances, &c. To give only one Example, I have laid the Scene in *Sicily*, at the time, or soon after *Verres* govern'd there, (that *Verres* who was immortalized by *Cicero's* Orations against him) I have made him and his Instruments the Personages of this Drama; now this was 1800 Years ago. And yet I very frequently talk

talk of Bullets, Quadrille, Bills in *Chancery*, and such Instruments of Mischief as have been the Inventions of the Moderns.

But to conclude : I do declare after all this, I am yet conscious there are more Faults undiscovered; but I think in Justice to the Critics, I ought to leave them a few Discoveries of this sort, which will lie more open to them, when I have given them, as I now do,

THE

K E F to the P O E M.

THE noxious unletter'd Tribes mentioned in the beginning of this Poem, were the little Solicitors of *Verres*, whom he employed thro' all his Drudgery: you will see the Reason of his employing these People in their Characters, in the Character of *Verres*, and in the Note on *Verres*.

INTROD. line 15. *Old Emily*] *Mademoiselle d'Epingle*, an old Coquette and Milliner, now alive in the *Fauxbourg St. Germain at Paris*.

l. 17. *And Dorilas*] *Mr. Brown*, a Glazier in *Thames-street*, a Captain of the Train-Bands, who, when he is full of Liquor, is full of his Family and heroick Actions.

l. 19. *Harlequino*] A Mountebank in *Moorfields*.

l. 49. *Laureat C—y*] *Mr. Chubney*, a very whimsical old Man: he has Parts, but they are oddly disposed; he is extremely bad at Panegyrick, yet very fond of writing it. This every one knows to be true, but he. We call him *Laureat* by way of Irony you see.

l. 53. *When modest H—y*] The reviewer *Mr. Hackney*, famous for the Singularity of his

his Modesty, Morals, Religion, and Politicks.
Vide Butchers Orator, *Canto* 1. *Pag.*

Introd. l. 54. *And W* — *s* *Mr. Edward Willis*; a poor Fellow, a Printer in *Oldstreet*, who having little Business, is very often composing and breaking his Letter to keep himself out of Idleness.

Canto 2. l. 46. *Scurra*] *Francis Medley Esq*; lately a Lawyer's Clerk in the *Temple*. — A young Gentleman of a most undaunted Spirit; loquacious, yet grave; so happy in his Constitution not to be tether'd down by any Principle against any Interest. He was called up sometime since to be Solicitor to the Hero of this Poem. He has gone thro' various Shapes in his Service, being obliged to change his Form as often as some Blunder or Iniquity hath render'd him obnoxious or ridiculous; but let him change his Shape as often as he will, whenever he appears again, his Ears are always uppermost. — He is a General Undertaker, and something too sufficient ev'n for *Verres*; petulant, not jocose; wordy, not eloquent: yet is he, since *Verres* fed him, a plump, round, sleek young Fellow. He has a hearty Contempt for the Parts of his Master. — The rest of his Character is clear enough in the Text.

C. 2. l. 67. *Next Cotta, reasoning Cotta*] *John Tipping*, lately an Usher to a School at *Grantbam*; turned out of that Place for publishing some heterodox Opinions in Divinity. This first puzzled his Head. He was taken into the Service of *Verres* at the particular Instance of his Printer, who conceiving him to be a very

very pretty Casuist in Theology, took it into his Head he might make a very good Tool, and Solicitor for *Verres* — he was received as such, and acquitted himself very ill in this Post; sometimes kecking at the Service he was put upon, and suffering his Conscience to rise. In one Particular he was too sharp for his Master; he begg'd a small Farm of him when he was in favour, and immediately sold it for ready Money, to be out of the Power of his Patron, who he knew would have resumed his Grant on the least disgust.

C. 2. l. 84. *From poor Hibernia's Shore Ma-murra came.*] *Patrick Onacnoe* of the Countty of *Tiperary*, Esq; No Heroe in blank Verse, no fabled Demi-God, no Knight-Errant in Romance, no mad Lover, Projector, Poet, or Enthusiast, ever attempted a more desperate Undertaking than this Gentleman. He came over from *Ireland* friendless, pennyless, *unknowing and unknown*; without any Genius for any Science, liberal or otherwise; without any Parts mechanical or natural, — to live upon his *Wits*: there lies the Wonder, there lies the desperate part of his Undertaking, to live upon his Wits, I say, in *London*. And he succeeded. It is true, he starved some time here by clinging to the Poets. This Gentleman did his Patron great Service. He was at the Bar in *Ireland*, and could read a Law Book, as I have heard; but was unqualify'd for Practice there, being bred a *Roman Catholic*, tho he had renounced the *Roman* Faith according to Law. However, he did himself and his Patron a lucky piece

piece of Service which recommended him. He advised him to neglect little Forms: and whenever an Argument pinched, to knock his Adversary down; and he wrote a Book, as I am informed, to prove it lawful. A Genius like this was not to be neglected, but he being very poor, I have heard his Pension was but small, so that he was paid rather according to his Circumstance than his Merit. Whether Lawyer *Phormio* sunk any of his Pension, I cannot say; but I have heard he was pretty honest in that particular.

C. I. L. 142. *Phormio*.] First Counsellor and Confident in matters of Law, to the Hero of this Poem; his unpoetical or-prose Name is *Blazonby*. — He is a Gentleman of deep Cunning, and most exquisite Abilities in his Craft, Master of a proper Understanding for his Business, and of a great and increasing Fortune, gained by executing Trusts, supplying Evidence, forming Wills, inventing now and then a deficient Parchment, and winding successfully through all the Quirks and Labyrinths of the most intricate Practice. I have always admired this Gentleman as a Person of singular Abilities, and exceeding delicate Parts: He treats, you see, the little Fellows he employs, (I am very right I think in this part of his Character,) sometimes with a low, but a proper Contempt, and then raises them again by seeming to go a little into their Opinion of themselves; and yet he will not suffer them to mistake their Abilities. I think he is in his Heart an admirer of Parson *Tully*, but he is too much a Lawyer and a Man of

of this World, to espouse a Cause, for being a just one, or to suffer for being on the side of Truth.

C. i. l. 124. *To them the Butchers Orator.*] Mr. Hackney's Character has had a Note already; and I can only add, that he is a most surprizing Genius, having invested himself with many Titles and Dignities, not only with a spick and span new Sett of religious and moral Principles, but of political ones too, all his own Invention; and all equally unintelligible. He is honest and modest to a degree.

C. i. l. 181. *P—l, W—s.*] Printers, Publishers, Hawkers, &c.

Introd. l. 64. *Verus.*] An honest good sort of a Man, a professed Enemy to *Verres*, something too forward, and warm in the Cause of Truth: he should have come into the World some Ages ago, I am afraid he is a little too late. There have been Times that cou'd, as well as Times that cou'd not bear Truth.

Cant. i. l. 1. *Verres.*] — His Prose Name is *Lawlope*. This Gentleman is an Attorney of great Wealth and Practice in a County very famous for the Strength and Number of Attorneys residing in it, as Mr. *Camden*, I think, judiciously observes; he has amassed prodigious Sums by his Practice, or by his Practices. He is most certainly a very litigious, odd, avaritious squandering, vain, positive, flattering, bullying, noisy, haranguing, powerful, wealthy, laughing, lucky Fellow. He bears me no good Will, he was concern'd in a Law-suit against me, I had the worst on't; I told you he was rich, I cou'd

could not be in the right ; however I bear him no Malice. He employs under him a pert, noisy, illiterate, ignorant, impudent Sett of Fellows, (which gave the first occasion to this Poem,) to travel about the County to find and to make him Business, to bring Actions of Scandal in his Name against those who venture to talk of any of his Transactions ; to throw Stones and Dirt, and all manner of Filth at them. Beside this, there are many Gentlemen of Estates and Interest in the County, and many Farmers and Country Yeomen likewise, that this Man has embroiled in their Affairs : he has either Accounts to adjust, or Favours to grant, or Judgments to execute, or some pecuniary Interest or other that he holds them by, And in short he has manag'd Things so, that if some Gentlemen of clear Fortunes, and many of the Clergy likewise had not honestly opposed him, he wou'd by this time, every body says, have been in possession of the whole County. When I took it into my Head that it was my Duty to satyrize this Mr. *Lawlope* (or this *Verres*) I searched my own Heart, and inquired strictly, whether I was quite free from any private Pique, against his Person. I asked myself, whether the Scars left by my Law-suit upon me, and not yet healed, did not irritate me ; whether I was byassed by any other Passion than my Love to Mankind ; for I have always conceived, as I have been taught, that the exposing a Knave properly, is a praiseworthy Office, and may prove of Service to the Publick ; or if it is not so, Parsons and

Poets are a sort of useless People. I considered likewise that the Character of this Attorney, tho very well known in his own County, was too low and too little known to delight or to instruct the People in general: therefore I thought it absolutely necessary, to raise the Characters of him and his Tools, to expose them in a better Light; therefore I invested my Attorney with the *Pretorian* Robe, and supposed him to be a great Minister to a great People, and a Defrauder and Corrupter of the Publick: I likewise exalted his little Agents in the same manner from Petty-foggers into Scribblers. If this Poem has the desired Effect, and shall contribute in the least to make Mr. *Lawlopé* take Shame to himself, and to expose these Underlings of his in the County where they live, I shall be pleas'd with my Performance; or if it shall, as perhaps it may, at any time hereafter admonish People who may wrong the Publick in higher Life, to forsake the Evil of their ways; I shall rise, in my own Opinion at least, to the Dignity of a *Patriot*. But let me go on a little further in explanation of this Character. There were in the County several People of large and unincumber'd Estates, who kept out of all manner of dependence, and talked and acted against our *Verres* with Vigour, and declared they wou'd have punished him; but when it came to the Push, the Lawyers pleaded Crimp, and deserted the Prosecution; and not only the Lawyers, but many others likewise of the People, who, as I have hinted, were in his Debt, or his Service, his

his Books, or his Pay, durst not think of it. All that I shall say of him farther is, that I am sure he is most immoderately rich, and will probably leave an immense Estate behind him. My Opinion indeed is, that it will not thrive; but he laughs at all that. You are to know, he hates the Parsons at his Heart, almost as cordially as he hates us Poets. In Truth he cannot endure, he has a most immoderate Detestation of, Parsons, Poets, Soldiers, and Merchants. If he has any Affection or Feeling to any kind of People in general, it is to a sort of diligent Folk who are called *Stock-jobbers*; he admires their Ingenuity, he encourages their Industry, he looks on them as his own Machines; for the same Reason likewise he delights in Tongue-pads, Sharpers, Lawyers, and Pick-pockets of all kinds. But I have done; I shall write a Life instead of a Note.

C. 1. l. 94. *When beest I Iris*] Mrs. Woodbe, a Shoemaker's Wife in *Black-fryars*, an immoderate Lover of Quadrille.

C. 1. l. 95. *Or C—s*] *Seignior Frandino Clodio*, a *Smouse Jew*, now living at *Rotterdam*, very old; a famous Usurer, and a particular Friend and Confident of *Vernes* (or *Lawlope*.) This antient Usurer in his younger Days never had any Pleasure with the fair Sex but when he used Violence.—And he has, upon that account, been sometimes in danger of Punishment by Law. He has raised an immense Estate very honestly, from small Beginnings.

C. 1. l. 56. *Tully*] Mr. *Williams*, the Curate of the Parish where *Lawlope* lives. He preaches

preaches at him often, and he thinks he does his Duty.

[C. 1. l. 147. *Kitt*, *Quinn*, &c.] Mr. *Law-
lope*, in the Violence of his Rage, fancies Mr. *Williams* would blow up all the World to de-
stroy him.

[C. 2. l. 21. *Fukwa*.] I desire to be excused from giving the Publick this Lady's real Name; for tho' she is very religious, she is very re-
vengeful.

[C. 2. l. 163. *Godrus*.] *Blazonby's* Clerk, a very ingenious young Man: he first took a fancy to Counsellor *Onaenoc*, and prefer'd him, — a pleasant Fellow — diligent in Business, and up-
right in his Person.

[C. 3. l. 59. *The Critick Macer*.] This means any four all-natur'd, worthless backbiting, an-
te-man, lean, choaker of singing Birds, *alias*, Critick. These are a sort of People to whom we Poets have a natural Aversion.

[C. 3. l. 93. *Onicron*.] V. Oho. Mr. *Oldish*, a Volunteer Tool of *Lawlope* is a very bad and unpatriotic Historian, but a much worse

Poet.

[C. 3. l. 207. *Scarlet's Glasses*.] Mr. *Scarlet* is a famous Optician near *Denmark Street*. [C. 3. l. 269. *Let Amity and Paint*.] — *t*, or *H* — *y*.] Mr. *All-seed*, Mr. *Pratt*, or Mr. *Haskey*, —, three most ingenious Gentlemen of the Quill.

These are better and better than any other

beginning. [C. 3. l. 21. *IN*.] — *I*. — *S*. — *I*. — *C*.

These

